

CHAPTER 4

The pharaoh's new men

Kahmunrah was angry when his men did not come back. But he went round the museum and quickly found some new fighters. 'These three will be OK,' he thought.

Three very dangerous men from the past stood in front of the pharaoh – Ivan the Terrible from Russia, Napoleon Bonaparte from France and Al Capone from America.

'Welcome great leaders!' said Kahmunrah. 'Help me win this fight and I will give you the world! Any questions?'

Al Capone was the first to speak. 'Yeah,' he said slowly. 'Why are you wearing a dress?'

'It's not a dress,' the pharaoh said quickly. 'This was the fashion three thousand years ago.'



Ivan looked down at his own long coat. 'So do we have to wear a dress, too?' he asked.

Kahmunrah was angry. 'It's not a ... Look, are there any other questions?'

'Can I kill people?' asked Al Capone, with a dark smile. 'I'm good at killing people.'

'Later,' said Kahmunrah. 'Now I want you to bring me Larry of Daley and the Tablet of Ahkmenrah. Go!'

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General Custer was excited. He was in the box with the other exhibits. There was a battle ahead and he was ready for it!

'Listen,' he explained. 'I'll shout "Fire!" and then we fire. OK?'

Jedediah was worried. Custer wasn't famous for winning battles. He was famous for losing his last battle!

'We need to help Larry,' he said softly to Octavius. 'Custer is no use. Let's go!' And he pointed to a small hole at the bottom of the box.

Octavius smiled. 'Right, my friend. Let's go!'

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Larry and Amelia were still lost. Every room was like a party! All the exhibits were walking round and talking. Then Larry saw a group of soldiers. They were wearing blue and white clothes.

'Oh no,' he thought. 'The pharaoh's got the French to help him.' He pulled Amelia to the door. Unfortunately they came face-to-face with Napoleon. Well, not exactly face-to-face because Napoleon was a lot shorter than them.

'Ah!' smiled Napoleon. 'I've got you! Come with me, little man.'



'Little!' laughed Larry. 'You are calling me little?'

Napoleon tried to look taller. 'You're not tall. It's just your hair,' he said through his teeth. 'I am the great Napoleon, leader of the French! And soon I will be leader of the world! You will soon be very small compared to me!' Napoleon smiled and turned to Amelia. 'Goodbye!' he said. 'I need your boyfriend, not you!' And he took Larry away.

Kahmunrah was waiting for them at the Door to the Underworld. He was so excited that he couldn't stand still. Ivan and Capone stood next to him.

'Look!' Al Capone was holding Jedediah in his hand. 'The other one escaped. Can I kill him?'

'Not yet!' said Kahmunrah. 'Larry of Daley, give the tablet to me. Now I can unlock the door.' He pointed to some pictures above the door. They showed strange soldiers with the bodies of men and the heads of birds. 'These are the Horus and they will soon be free. Watch!' Kahmunrah held up the tablet. 'Now you will meet the terrible soldiers of the underworld!' He pushed some signs on the tablet and waited.



Nothing happened.

Kahmunrah tried again. The door still didn't open.

'And what about giving us the world?' asked Napoleon.

The pharaoh laughed uncomfortably. 'Perhaps Mum and Dad changed the numbers.' He looked at the tablet again. 'Maybe it's my Dad's birthday. 19.6.1105 BC,' he said and pushed some different signs.

The door stayed shut.

'What does it say on the tablet? Maybe that will help,' said Ivan's deep voice.

'I can't read!' shouted Kahmunrah.

Larry started to laugh. The pharaoh wasn't so dangerous after all!

'What are you laughing at?' Kahmunrah cried.

'Nothing!' said Larry. 'In two hours, the sun will come up and you will all be statues again. I'll take my friends home and it will be the end of your plans! I can wait. I have all night!'

Kahmunrah was quiet for a moment. Then he smiled to himself. He walked across the museum and came back with an hourglass*. He took Jedediah from Al Capone's hand and dropped him inside. Kahmunrah turned the hourglass over. The sand started to fall on top of the little cowboy.

'He hasn't got all night,' Kahmunrah laughed. 'He has one hour!' He pushed the tablet into Larry's hands. 'This is still my party! Find the number and save your friend. In one hour he will die!'

'You can do it, big man. I know you can!' Jedediah's voice was very small from behind the glass.

* Sand moves slowly from the top half to the bottom half of an 'hourglass'. It takes one hour.

Larry was worried. Where could he find the number for the door? He had no idea. Perhaps someone in the Smithsonian Natural History Museum could help. He ran towards the stairs.

'Are you OK?' said a voice. Amelia was standing there.

'Not really,' said Larry unhappily. 'I have to be able to read this Egyptian writing. If I can't, Jedediah dies.'

Amelia suddenly had an idea. 'I know someone who can help. In the room of statues! Come on!'

* * *

The room was buzzing with talking statues. In the centre there was a big, strong man. It was *The Thinker*, a famous French statue.

'Oh yes!' said Larry. 'Great idea!' He went up to the statue. 'Excuse me. I'm sure you can help us. Can you understand this Egyptian writing?'

The Thinker was quiet. 'I'm ... thinking,' he said in a slow, deep voice.

Suddenly a light came into The Thinker's eyes.

'Wow! Look at her! Hi, Beautiful!' Venus* was walking past and she smiled back at him.

'Oh well. He's certainly no Einstein**!' said Amelia.

'That's it!' cried Larry. 'You're wonderful! Einstein! I saw lots of them in the shop in the Air and Space Museum. They'll know the answer!'

* * *

Octavius was walking through the grass outside. The grass was very tall and he couldn't see the end of it.*He

* In pictures, Venus is always a beautiful woman.

** Einstein was a very clever man. He won the Nobel Prize in 1921.

was very tired. 'I must find help,' he said.

Suddenly there was a strange sound behind him. He looked. Nothing. Then something moved in the darkness. It had long, white teeth and was much, much bigger than him. It was a squirrel.

Brave Octavius stood in the grass ready to fight, but the squirrel was too big. It easily pushed him over. Then it pulled him across the grass and into the trees.

'Help!' shouted Octavius.

But there was no one to hear him.